

A^{gaily} Copy of Verses Humbly Presented to

All my Honoured MASTERS and MISTRESSES of *Holborn-End-Division*,
in the Parish of *St Giles's* in the Fields.

By **Isaac Ragg Bell-man.**

The P R O L O G U E.

The Summer Smiles has bid us all adieu,
And I am come the while to visit you,
With Lines in Verse my Masters I will greet,
And with my Staff & Bell will walk the Street,

28. Dec. 1687.

In Storms of Winds or Hail and Rain,
My Duty I will not refrain,
When Christmase comes I hope to see
Your Love and Liberality.

All-Saints Day.

ALL blessed Saints are free from grief and pain,
With glorious Angels they shall Live and Reign,
In perfect Peace and true Felicity
They all enjoy to all Eternity,
Then let us strive to live so circumspect
That we with them may make up God's Elect.
Let Men consider well to Watch and Pray,
And think upon the latter Judgment Day.

On St. Andrew.

St. Andrew he was called of the Lord,
And readily he did obey his Word,
He clos'd with Christ, and did in him abide,
Took up the Cross and on the Cross he dy'd,
The hope of Glory did support his Mind,
He in the Lord did consolation find,
And now he is in everlasting Rest,
With Christ and glorious Angels he is Blest.

On St. Thomas.

St. Thomas would not believe that Christ did Reign,
Nor that he was Risen to Life again,
Unless his Wounds did plainly mak't appear,
And that he was our blessed Saviour dear,
Afterwards he did believe and laid his hands along
Our blessed Saviour's side where blood & water sprung,
How blessed is that Man that him ne're saw
And yet beleives, and of him stands in Awe.

On the Birth of our Blessed Saviour.

Oh thou that art the King of Heaven and Earth,
How poorly wert thou attended at thy Birth,
A Manger was thy Cradle; and a Stable
Thy privy Chamber; Mary's Knees thy Table,
Thieves were thy Courtiers, & the Cross thy Throne,
Thy dyet Gall; and a wreath of Thorns thy Crown;
All this the King of Glory endur'd, and more
To make us Kings, that were but Slaves before.

On St. Stephen.

St. Stephen was a Martyr, meek and mild,
When he was Stoned; yet he ne're Revil'd,
And though they Martyr'd him with one accord,
He kneeled down and prayed to the Lord
That he would not impute it to their Charge,
In pains of death his Love did so enlarge,
Would we but strive each other to forgive,
In what a blessed State would Christians live.

On St. John.

Beloved John did lean on Christ his Brest,
And was with glorious Revelation Blest,
God let him See, and Know, and Understand,
What he will doe by his Almighty hand,
That Men thereby might know his holy will,
And then comply, his Laws for to fulfill.
Then when we shall Resign our murmur'ing breath,
We may with Smiles embrace the thoughts of death.



The early Trumpet, like the Morning Bell,
Calls to account; where they that have done well
Shall find reward, and those that have mispent
Their time shall reap an earned punishment.

Lord let me know the Period of my Age,
The length of this my weary Pilgrimage,
Thou by a span measturest those Days of mine,
Eternity's the spacious bounds of thine,
Who shall compare his little Span with Thee,
With thine incomprehensibility,
Man born to trouble leaves this World with pain,
His best Estate is altogether vain.

Great is the power of God, for if God will,
He can raise up to life whom he did kill,
Whom he throws down he up again can rear,
He does embrace with Joy and kills with Fear,
He wounds and cures, he strikes and healeth too,
What is't the Lord Almighty cannot do,
Who all things did create by mighty hand,
Made Water Wine, a Snake of Moses Wand.

Father of Heaven, most merciful and free,
Do not dispise the plaints me make to Thee,
Neither do thou to us our sins impute,
Bow down thine Ear, regard our humble sute,
Vouchsafe to look on us with those same Eyes
That thou beheldst good Abel's Sacrifice,
And as the Prayer which Judeth made to Thee,
Grant ours Lord as acceptable may be.

If Men believ'd the Word that God hath spoke,
They would believe that Word should ne're be broke,
Who in his Law hath made this just Decree,
That all that take his Name in vain shall be
Accounted guilty of his fearful wrath,
And held as worrhy of Eternal Death:
Remember this you sinful Sons of Men,
Crucifie not your God with Oaths again.

Consid'ring (as with reason well we may)
How swiftly Time doth pass and pass away;
Consid'ring that as soon as once we have
Life from the Womb, we hasten to the Grave,
And that to Eternity the Life of Man
Is not the ninety ninth part of a span,
What Man that hath a care of his Salvation,
But would make use of this consideration.

Great would the Joy, and great the welcome be,
One's Friend long absent safe return'd to see,
What loving eutertainment to his might
Would he make for him at his long'd for sight,
But no love here, nor entertainment can
Be like to that which God would show to Man,
Long absent from him in his desprate Race,
Would he return to him from Sin to Grace.

FINIS.

On Innocents Day.

When wicked Herod heard that Christ was come
Against poor Babes; he then pronounc'd their doom,
His bloody Edict he did then proclaim
That all poor Innocents should strait be slain,
But Mary with her Babe in Secrefie
Out of his Territories then did fly,
So that the Babe was sav'd by Might and Power,
Whom Bloody Herod fought for to devour.

For cold Weather.

From Scith'an Rocks where coldest Winds do blow,
From bald-pate Hills all Perriwig'd with Snow,
From Seas all pay'd by Winter's colder Hand,
Where cristall'd Waves, like strongest Bulworks stand,
Thence comes this Ayre, so fierce, so piercing cold,
The youngest Blood it chills, quite kills the old;
Then all that in warm Beds your Bodies stretch,
Think on the poor, the cold, and helpless wretch.

A Good Morrow.

This day unfold thine Arms, arise and rouse
Thy leaden Spirits, and pay thy Morning Vows,
Send up thy Infence, let her early Smoke
Renew that League thy very Dreams have broke;